

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD. — *James Freeman Clarke*

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A PRAYER

LORD, not for light in darkness do we pray,
Nor that the veil be lifted from our eyes,
Nor that the slow ascension of our day
Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things
Whereof the fashioning shall make us great,
Not for remission of the peril and stings
Of time and fate.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end
Whereto we travel, bruised yet unafraid,
Nor that the little healing that we lend
Shall be repaid.

Not these, O Lord. We would not break the
bars
Thy wisdom sets about us; we shall climb
Unfettered to the secrets of the stars
In Thy good time.

We know the paths wherein our feet should press,
Across our hearts are written Thy decrees;
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labor as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with
steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not — knowledge Thou hast
lent,
But, Lord, the will — there lies our bitter need:
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.

— *John Drinkwater.*

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WHITE DAYS

EVEN when all days are good, some are better. We are glad to have the intellectual or moral dead level brightened by livelier scenery or stirring experiences. But what we call an "event" is always an outcoming of what went before. There comes a day when the blossoms open, when the ripe fruit falls, when the ship enters port. And, after weary climbing, one reaches a terrace or a summit, draws deeper breath, surveys the wider prospect, and feels rewarded for the toil.

Yet the great days of life are not the days when something happens outside of us. They are the days when something happens inside — days of spiritual expansion; days of discovery or illumination, when we gain clearer perception of high realities, see deeper meanings in life; days of moral reinforcement, when we make decisions and are prepared for worthy achievement. What a day for the blind, when the scales fall and his eyes are opened! A *white* day — a day of light! Our greater birthdays are the days when we enter into truer life and come into possession of that inner good which is our proper inheritance as children of God.

Even a rare stroke of worldly fortune helps us chiefly by its mental effect: we stand better in our own esteem, and feel surer of our standing in the universe because Providence gives this assurance that we are cared for. Any fine success gives us courage. Now we can dare take the next step. We have done something, and can do something more.

What good days are those which bring us in sight of the larger aspects of the world, of life, of humanity! Indeed, there is a way of taking any fact which makes one more sure of God and of the wise order of the world.

There are some great words: God, Nature, Soul, Truth, Love, Right. For years, it may be, we hear them *only* as words; then comes a day when they acquire meaning, because the facts

they stand for have become real to us. Then the words sound like music: they shine like stars.

Take that word, "Nature." How well I remember one morning of youth, when the earth glowed and the sky opened and shone around me with a glory I had never before seen or felt. A common, rural scene broke on me like heaven, so that it has been easier ever since to understand the poets. I had read the story of the transfiguration—how the person and garments of Jesus grew "white and glistening" to the eyes of some who loved and trusted him. My eyes were opened *so!* Life has since been tame enough, but sometimes the vision is repeated; and

"Something in me knows
How fair creation glows,"

just as I know in the dullest weather that the vast vault of the sky o'erspans all clouds.

But Nature means much more than a spectacle, more than beauty and poetry. It means these because it is divine manifestation—because it reveals order, law, power, wisdom, love, so that we may "look through Nature up to Nature's God." And it means a closely woven network of relations between the mysteries we name matter and spirit, relations between the body and mind of man.

I once heard James Freeman Clarke say that he had been thinking with curious wonder about water—about common water, as we see it in pools and streams and as we use it for our own convenience. The more one thinks, the more he must wonder. But the same thing is true of air, light, heat, electricity, of vegetation and the processes by which the seasons prepare our daily bread, true of the stones and the dust under our feet. Who can doubt that Nature is an appointed and well-equipped school for all our faculties? . . . We are obliged to use our wits, and to reflect on the facts we have observed. The hard experiences of outward life compel us to look deeper than the senses: they push us back on inward resources, and thus we discover that we are not only bodies, and that we cannot live by bread alone.

It is a white day when a man learns to make a clear distinction between mind and body. The youth has taken a long step—he has taken many steps, and has reached an important point in his journey—when he can whisper to himself and say, "I can bear pain without whining; I can face danger without being scared; I can lose some things or go without some things, and not greatly miss them; I can hold myself to disagreeable tasks and rather enjoy them; I can match my forces against difficulties, and come off conqueror; or I can keep up heart and hope under defeat and failure." When he can say this, he has found his own soul; and he can now make all the better use of his body, being its lord and master.

With this discovery of one's own soul, it is as though an inward well opened—a spring of all-sufficing life. Is not this the water of which Jesus spoke to the woman: "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life"?

Yet with the new consciousness of life and power comes a new concern; for we grow weak and wretched unless we keep open the higher lines of communication and communion. The child of God can only live by a life continually derived, and the stream is closed or clogged by every decline in faith or in faithfulness.

I count it the best and whitest of all days when a man accepts heartily, wholly, and in loving choice the higher law of life—the day when he welcomes the sacred yoke of duty, and gives the throne of his heart to the true King.

If once in years I may climb a mountain-top, I can carry for a long time the sense of exaltation and the memory of the wide outlook. If for a moment, amid the shadows of the storm, I catch through a rift a glimpse of the blessed blue, I am sure the north wind will sweep the sky clear of every cloud. And if once I can see God,—can have a genuine taste of love and feel a throb of divine life,—such an experience ought to help keep faith and hope alive to the end.

Here is where the mind must dwell and rest. Not on our trials, weaknesses, follies, failures, sins: we can do better. The good things are most real, the best things are most true, the greatest things are most sure. What the light shows,—the vision of spiritual reality,—to that let us forever make fast.—*Charles Gordon Ames.*

Have patience with all things, but chiefly have patience with yourself. Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them: every day begin the task anew.—*Francis de Sales.*

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

—*William D. Howells.*

"My doctor told me I would have to quit eating so much meat." "Did you laugh him to scorn?" "I did at first; but, when he sent in his bill, I found he was right."—*Washington Star.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.
Tel. Granite 1140.*

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Please read and follow the suggestions.

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

NOTICE TO BRANCH CHAIRMEN

The first meeting for the season of 1923-24 will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Friday, October 5, at 10.30 A.M.

REQUESTS

1. Reading suitable for a girl of fourteen, in the seventh grade, is asked for by Alexina Cooper, Garrisonville, Va.

2. The Camp-Fire Girls Series, or any reading for a girl of fourteen, is asked for by M. V. Bright, Roosevelt, Okla., R. 3, Box 91.

3. Louise W. Henley, Riceville, Tenn., R. 4, nine years old, would like cards and a story book.

4. Mrs. L. P. Davis, Marshville, N. C., R. 4, wishes to thank those who sent her reading, as her arm prevents her writing. She was burned out, losing everything. Books, magazines, and pictures will be appreciated.

5. Reading to cheer the Spear family is asked for by Mrs. L. E. Spear, Marshville, N. C., R. 5.

6. Mrs. Mary E. Swanson, Lenoir, Caldwell Co., N. C., R. 3, a semi-invalid, will be grateful for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, or any other magazine.

7. Mrs. Dora Hinch, Redford, Reynolds Co., Mo., writes: "Our work here is making slow

progress, but I am not discouraged. We cannot get enough good books and magazines. Our present needs are interesting books, magazines, and pictures, and something for fourth-grade boys to read. *Youth's Companions* for the Sunday School will be appreciated."

8. Miss Mary F. Turner, Polkton, N. C., R. 3, Box 8, living on a farm, will be glad of stories.

9. Miss Ethel Turner, Polkton, N. C., R. 3, Box 9, asks for reading.

10. Mrs. M. E. Douglas, Cape Girardeau, Mo., with many thanks and grateful heart acknowledges what has been sent her in the years past. Now the infirmities of age are shutting her out of most pleasures enjoyed by others. She would particularly enjoy the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Needlecraft*, *Woman's World*, or any magazine containing crochet- and tatting-patterns.

11. I am trying to form a reading circle among the young people of Kelford, where I live. There is only a small library, and that is not open during the summer. I understand also there are a number of children that are not able to buy books, yet enjoy stories. So I thought, if we

could form a little club and meet one or two afternoons during the week and have different programs, that it would be enjoyable as well as of benefit to the community. (Mrs.) Hobart Austin, Kelford, N. C.

12. We are little country-girls, aged ten and eight years. Our papa has been sick in a hospital. We would like to have pieces for our dolls' dresses; a good lady gave us each a doll for Christmas. Our sister, Rosa, aged fourteen, would be glad to receive crocheting-thread. We would also be thankful for cards and story books. Ruby and Mildred Jones, Bassett, Va., R. 3.

13. I'm a girl of nineteen years and a cripple; lost the use of one of my arms when a child. My father is also an invalid—has had a stroke of apoplexy. I would be so glad to get anything. We live a long way from church and school. Would like to correspond with *Cheerful Letter* friends. (Miss) Okie Hurley, Sturgill, N. C.

14. I am a farmer's wife and the mother of one little girl aged three years. We live seven miles from town and have no horse or way to go about, so I stay in very close. My seventy-three-year-old father-in-law lives with us. I will be glad of some religious reading for him, as he is a great reader of the Bible; also some pictures for my baby. I thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends. (Mrs.) M. S. Jefferson, Martinsville, Va., R. 3.

15. On Aug. 20, 1922, our home was destroyed by fire. All our books were burned. Will be pleased to receive books and reading matter. My wife would like to have quilt scraps. I wish to thank the readers of the *Cheerful Letter* for the reading sent me in the past. S. W. James, Warrensville, N. C.

16. I wish you could send me some reading—either books, or magazines. I am receiving the *Atlantic Monthly* from Mrs. Sutor. I have been in the Bronson Hospital at Kalamazoo; had a very serious operation; am weak yet; I cannot walk out more than a block. I am alone every day except Sunday. I would like one of George Eliot's books, or *The Crossing*, or some of last year's *Pictorial Reviews*; will be glad of anything entertaining. (Mrs.) Cora A. Hoskinson, 314 E. Wheeler St., Three Rivers, Mich.

17. I would like so well to get *Ben Hur* and *The Light That Failed*. Will pass on all reading where it will do the most good. (Mrs.) Cora L. Harrington, Swatara, Minn.

18. I am a mother, twenty-one years old, and live on a rented farm, and I get very lonely at times, as we don't live very close to any church

or Sunday School. I would appreciate so much any good reading matter such as books, magazines, papers and cards; would be glad to receive a family Bible or Testament or dictionary. I have a little boy fifteen months old. I used to receive a few papers and cards from the *Cheerful Letter* friends before I married. I received some papers and letters from Miss Harriet Miller, Chicopee, Mass. I would like to hear from her, if she should see my letter. I was Miss Bertie Hill before my marriage. Please print my letter, that I may receive good reading matter to pass away the hours. My husband and I both enjoy reading. (Mrs.) Lelah Mabe, Campbell, N. C., R. 1.

19. Mrs. Martha McAlexander, Woolwine, Va., thanks the *Cheerful Letter* friends who sent her scraps for patchwork in the past. Her husband was an invalid at the time she received them, and they were a great help to her. He was a Confederate soldier, eighty-eight years old, and died last winter. She now lives with her sister, as she has no children. She is sixty-three years old and does not read nor do any fancy work except piecing quilts. Anyone who will send her quilt pieces will be doing her a great kindness and she will be grateful to them. Her pastor's name and address are: Elder G. D. Cockram, Floyd, Floyd Co., Va.

20. As God has spared me through another winter, for which I am very thankful for my little boy's sake, I am writing thanks for every kindness shown me and him, for we only have each other. We live all alone and my health grows worse fast; the doctor says I have gallstones. I suffer so at times, it seems I can't endure much more. I do so dread to go to a hospital; I am so old now for that. Then I am a poor widow and have already spent all I could work for for medicine. I grow worse all the time. Oh, please, kind friends, remember us through the coming long, cold, winter and especially at Christmas. The smallest remembrance will be appreciated so much by us, a sad, suffering widow and orphan boy. May God bless your good work, is my prayer. (Mrs.) Vick Dillon, Campbell, N. C., R. 1.

21. I am a colored woman living with my aged mother and father. I am in bad health, and a white lady has told me you will send me reading and patchwork. I shall be more than thankful of any kind of reading or any pieces of any kind. My parents are so feeble they can't help any; then we have my brother's little girl, who is an orphan, to care for. Poor colored people here in the South fare badly and we don't have anything to cheer us. My minister's address is Rev. James Little, Wadesboro, N. C. I shall be so

glad if some friend will write me cheering letters and send me reading of any kind. I make doormats and willow baskets for a living, but can't get much out of them. May God bless each of the dear workers and Mrs. Nichols. (Miss) Lula Broadaway, Wadesboro, N. C., R. 1, Box 90.

22. I am seventeen years of age, have six brothers and sisters. We live on a farm seven miles from town and a good distance from a church. My father has been dead seven years. I would be glad to receive books and magazines, or anything that would be helpful to a girl just entering high school and striving for an education. Lucille Stoker, Albemarle, N. C., R. 1.

23. I am a girl twenty years old and live in a lonely place. I have a father, mother, three sisters and three brothers. My oldest brother is a sailor. I enjoy good reading and do lots of fancy work. I crochet more than anything else to pass away the time. If not asking too much I would like some good magazines, especially *McCall's*; any kind would be appreciated. Nola Kincer, Big Springs, Tenn., R. 1.

24. I want to thank all those who sent me schoolroom-helms last year, and ask your aid again this year. The material sent was such a blessing to me, and I appreciated it so very much. This year I will teach a one-teacher school, having all the grades from first through the seventh. I shall be so glad to receive help of any kind for my work. The *Normal Instructor* is helpful, and will be especially welcome. (Miss) Nora Carlton, Boomer, N. C.

25. The Reading Club is doing good work (or some of the members are), and some of the books have been obtained for their use. Some members are now making a study of history and biography as given in magazine articles. I am rather anxious to get old *Atlantics* and *Harper's Magazines* for file and reference, also the *Cosmopolitan* and the *Century* anywhere in the '90's or since, or any magazine with biographical or historical articles. (Mrs.) H. C. Sanborn, East Thetford, Vt.

26. Miss Ruby Paris, Alpharetta, Ga., an invalid from infancy (when she met with an accident, which left her a cripple, quite unable to walk), has spent her life in a wheel-chair. Four years ago she became paralyzed, but her mind lost none of its vigor, and though sight and hearing are affected she can still write some, but it is very hard to do so. She dearly loves to hear from friends, especially Unitarians, and will be glad of poetry, good novels, and Nature books,

also pictures. Please enclose stamped envelope, as it is hard for her to get stamps.

27. Mrs. C. W. Foley, Bassett, Va., Box 68, asks for a small Bible and bits of crochet-thread.

28. Mrs. Bettie A. Short, Elamsville, Va., wishes reading for herself, and also for Mrs. Annie Woody, Big Sandy, West Va. Mrs. Woody has four boys and three girls (ages not given).

29. Mrs. J. W. Boyd, Sweet Water, Tenn., R. 2, has four young children; the husband has tuberculosis; they live on rented land five miles from town. She hopes she may receive reading, pictures, and quilt scraps.

30. Mrs. Jennie Dillon, Campbell, N. C., asks for a Bible with large print.

31. Scraps are asked for by:—

Mrs. Alberta Davis, Polkton, N. C., R. 2, Box 45.

Mrs. F. G. Via, Elamsville, Va.

Mrs. Lula Hylton, Buffalo Ridge, Patrick Co., Va.

Mrs. Zera McAlexander, Elamsville, Va.

Mrs. Callie Tyson, Ansonville, N. C.

Mrs. E. D. Tyson, Ansonville, N. C., Box 22.

Miss Mary F. Tyson, Polkton, N. C., R. 2.

Mrs. Ellen P. Smith, Ansonville, N. C.

Mrs. Rilla Wise, Ada, Okla.

Mrs. C. J. Nolen, Elamsville, Va.

Mrs. Polly Sigman, Elamsville, Va.

Silk pieces are asked for by:—

Miss Addie Eanes, Bassett, Va.

Mrs. Sarah Bowen, Ben Franklin, Tex.

Miss Lizzie Bowden, South Brewer,

Maine, R. F. D., Box 81.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH

WE are familiar with the old phrase, meaning people whose fine character and clean life make them a positive element of wholesomeness in the community. But why "salt?" What has the commonplace kitchen-stuff to do with that idea?

Commonplace indeed salt is, and cheap. Isn't it the severest scorn of a stupid person to say he "couldn't earn his salt," or that he "isn't worth his salt?" Salt costs so little, it must indeed be a dull person who could not earn his own supply. And yet this commonplace, cheap substance has a fascinating history, and the name is associated with many sorts of romantic tales of far-away lands and far-off times.

The fine white powder in the kitchen closet has been produced by cleaning and breaking up little crystals, clear and glass-like. Perfect salt-crystals are tiny cubes,—solids with six square sides,—but not all crystals chance to be perfect. The coarse salt that farmers give to cows and sheep consists of large fragments of similar crystals, more or less discolored by bits of dirt and gravel.

All the vast quantities of salt used by millions of people in food and in various kinds of manufacture come from the waters of oceans and of salt lakes, or else from masses of solid salt found now in dry places that used long ago to be ocean-beds. Some of the salt we ourselves use has been secured from sea-water by evaporating the water, leaving the salt to crystallize and form a crust. There are various ways of cleaning and refining such crusts; one process re-dissolves the mass of crystals in fresh water and strains or filters out the dirt, then evaporates the water a second time, perhaps several times.

The water from naturally salt springs is often treated in the same way as sea-water, and gives enough salt to make the working a profitable business.

In some parts of our own country masses of salt under the surface of the ground are worked by miners. The stuff is brought out in big, irregular-shaped lumps somewhat as coal is mined, and that supply also has to be cleaned of its impurities before it is offered for factory use or household use.

As far back as history tells us about men's ways of living, most people seem to have thought of our familiar white stuff as something necessary to wholesome and pleasant food. The people of Bible lands knew about it and valued it as a means of keeping meat and fish in eatable condition. We know they could get the material from the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, or from the Dead Sea, from springs and beds of "rock" salt. The effect of salt in preserving flesh-foods without any decay made people in ancient times regard the salt itself as something very wonderful, even of a sacred nature. Among the old Hebrew rules about sacrifices, we may read to this day in our Bibles (Leviticus 2: 13) directions for adding the precious substance whenever a lamb or a kid or a bullock, or any other beast of their flocks and herds was offered in gratitude to God, who had made the flocks and herds to prosper.

Thinking in this way of salt, as a holy thing that helps keep perishable substances sound and sweet, we can better understand why Jesus spoke of people with genuine religious character as "the salt of the earth."

The wandering tribes of Syria and Arabia—people now often called Bedouins—are said by old traditions to be descendants of Esau, the

brother of Jacob. They are proud to claim that Abraham was their own ancestor. Among them—and among some other Oriental peoples too—the eating of salt in company with another man makes both men bound in honor to behave as friends, at least for some understood length of time. Even though a Bedouin might be a professional robber and without any scruples about killing an enemy, if he had lately eaten any salted food in company with the enemy, he would consider it contemptibly low and dishonorable to do the enemy any harm.

In Great Britain and Ireland, where the ancestors of most of us lived hundreds of years ago, there was a curious custom connected with the use of salt at the home of any rich and grand person. Such men used to have meals served at long tables, where there was room not only for the family and for invited guests, but also for strangers who might be traveling through the country, and for poor relations and neighbors. Part-way down the length of the great table was always a dish of salt; and the host was sure to seat important guests at the upper end of the table, "above the salt,"—that is, between the salt and the host,—while people of less importance, about whom he did not specially concern himself, were seated "below the salt," toward the other end of the table!

In our own country, to-day, the payment received by a clergyman often includes an allowance for house-rent; a teacher's wages often include board and lodging; a traveling salesman has an allowance for paying railway-fares. Housemothers sometimes used to have certain parts of the family income handed over to them personally and called "pin-money." So, in far-back times, when Rome was the most important city in the world and Latin was the language spoken by business men and professional men, it was common for soldiers to receive an allowance called salt-money: the Latin word for salt was *sal* and the term for salt-money was *salarium*. Afterwards people got into the habit of calling a professional man's whole income a "salarium"; and to this day we use, in that connection, an English word made out of the old Latin term—the word "salary."

So a pinch of common salt may connect our own everyday life with the Roman soldier; with the fierce Bedouin of the Arabian desert; with guests in a stately old English castle; with Galilee fishermen of nineteen hundred years ago.

HOW ULYSSES WENT HOME

ONE of the world's favorite stories, which people have heard or read for many hundreds of years, is the tale of how a Greek soldier went home at the close of a long war in a foreign land.

Many hard battles had been fought around the walled city of Troy in Asia Minor, and the Greeks at last overcame the Trojans, taking possession of the town.

In the far-off times of which the story tells, people in Mediterranean countries had only small sailing vessels for their voyages, depending on favoring winds; and there was no such thing as a compass or a map in existence. Sailors had to direct their course by watching the position of the sun and the stars; and when those were hidden by clouds it was easy to lose the proper sense of direction, to get lost, to waste days—even weeks—of time. So it was quite possible for home-going Greeks to make a long and tedious journey over waters which a modern steamship crosses in a few uneventful days.

The story of this particular voyage was written long ago in the Greek language and is known as the "Odyssey" (pronounced, *Od'is-sy*), because its hero was called in Greek, Odysseus (*Od-is-sée'us*). The more common form of the name now is Ulysses (*You-liss' sees*).

The seas through which the Greeks went sailing homeward were bordered with shores unknown to them, and strange islands here and there rose from the waves, each one a place of mystery. Landings had often to be made, to get food and drinking-water, so the sailors had countless chances for adventure.

At one place they found a beautiful land with good-natured, sleepy people who did nothing but look out to sea, or doze upon the grass. Those people ate the lotus-plant for food; and when some of the Greek sailors ate it, too, they also became so dull and drowsy that they forgot their own plans and desires, they forgot their old homes and old friends, and wished only to stay forever in Lotus-land, resting and dreaming. Ulysses had hard work to drag the sailors back to the ship.

Another island where they touched belonged to the Cyclopes (*Sy'klops*), a race of evil giants having each just one eye set in the middle of the forehead. They were as ugly in disposition as in looks. Ulysses and his men were seized and shut into a great cave among the Cyclopes' sheep and goats, with the prospect of being killed and eaten; but most of them did escape by hiding themselves under the fat bodies of the animals and clinging to their wool or matted hair, as the creatures were driven out to pasture in the morning. Once free from the cave-prison, they hurried back to the ship, and, though the Cyclopes chased them to the shore and threw huge stones after them, they did get away.

The next landing-place belonged to a friendly spirit, Æolus (*E'o-lus*) by name, who was master of all the winds that blow. He received the travelers with kindly hospitality, and, on their departure, gave to Ulysses a wonderful gift: a

bag in which he had tightly fastened all the bad winds which might—if let loose—carry the Greek ship in wrong directions. The bag was of leather, tied close with a silver cord, and only Ulysses knew what it held. He did not share the secret with his men. Some of the sailors, who were envious fellows, fancied the secret sack must be full of gold and jewels, and they resolved to steal a share of the treasure. One night, when Ulysses was asleep, they stole the bag and opened it! . . . Out flew all the wrong winds at once! So their safety was lost; all that anybody got out of the bag was a terrific storm. And when that was over, the bad winds having done their worst, the ship was again in strange seas, far from home, but how far—nobody knew. (*To be concluded in October.*)

THE AMUSEMENT CORNER

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass.]

I

THE NEW HOUSE

(1) What part of the house is one third fir, one fifth spruce, and three fifths maple? (2) What part is one third fir, one seventh hemlock, one third oak, one seventh hickory, and one fifth spruce? (3) What part is one seventh cypress, one third bamboo, and one third fir? (4) What part is one sixth walnut, one half pine, and three sevenths dogwood? (5) What part is one third ash, one fifth birch, and one fifth cedar?
—*Exchange.*

II

A CONUNDRUM

A shining wit pronounced of late
That every acting magistrate
Is water in a freezing state.

—*The Beacon.*

III

WORD SQUARE

1. The goddess of the hearth.
2. To surpass.
3. Part of a play.
4. A male voice.
5. On guard.

—*The Young Churchman.*

Answers to puzzles in the July-August number.

I. PUZZLING SMOKER: Twelve. In the morning, four pipes, three cigars, and five cigarettes; in the afternoon, five pipes, five cigars, and two cigarettes; in the evening, three pipes, four cigars, and five cigarettes (error in puzzle).

II. CROSS WORD ENIGMA: Tutankhamen.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc., also letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music and letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th St., New York City. There is more and more interest in "community" or neighborhood singing.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and thirty-six libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.